– Loyalist Cause –

Vodo Biask Taldrya 3729

To fill the two in took relatively little time. What was there to explain? Jac Cotelin, the Justicar of the Brotherhood and a Son of Taldryan, had arrived unexpectedly with a flotilla of Star Destroyers and had laid waste to Karufr. Clan Taldryan was in shambles; the former Consul dead on the surface of the planet, his Proconsul missing, and a nobody taking their place. Many familiar faces were missing as well. Master Keirdagh was unaccounted for and though many presumed him dead in either the bombardment of the planet or the invasion that followed shortly, Vodo had received word from Master Howlader that he was very much alive though likely a captive of that vile traitor Jac.

Vodo stood before the projection observing his two apprentices, studying them as much as they studied it. Unusual for the both of them, they were remarkably quiet and without something they thought clever to say. He walk to the bar set into the wall and opened a cabinet. He removed three glasses and filled them with an amber liquor and gently floated one to Anubis and Zasati respectively, keeping one for himself.

“Taldryan’s current Consul is an Army doctor by the name of Rhylance. He has no aptitude for the Force and its ways are a mystery to him”, Vodo took a small pull from his crystal glass, “He is also a fool. He has hidden our remaining assets and ordered that all Clan Members do the same.”

Anubis lounged comfortably on the plush couch in the rather spacious lounge accommodation of the shuttle, “Master, I’m appalled at what has happened but I’m having trouble seeing how this is my—our problem”

Vodo eyed the Battlemaster carefully and then the Hapan woman, “I called, you came. Your fate is linked to Taldryan’s now.”

Zasati threw the liquor to the back of her throat in contrast to the two men who were slowly attacking their own glasses. She stared back at the towering Twi’lek, a man who’d only ever shown her disdain and cruelty and smacked her lips, “I’m in. If only because it pleases me to see you beg—in your own way of course.”

A tremor of cold fury began to rise within Vodo as he began to recall his attempts to teach the woman to keep her mouth in check be he restrained himself. Anubis had deserved his lesson for abandoning him, Shaz’air would have had worse if he’d dare shown his face, but he would need a more poignant way to educate her than physical brutality.
He finished his own glass and set it down, “I will warn you once Tryezsh: Do not confuse me for some docile farm animal. I was too lenient with you before, perhaps because of our familiarity, but I promise you… I’m a monster.”

Her skin prickled, it felt as though the temperature in the shuttle had dropped considerably. It lights returned to their normal brightness and the warmth flooded back into the confines of the lounge and her mouth was motionless. Vodo smiled almost imperceptibly, “I have need of you two. If the Consul and the Summits cannot bring themselves to counter-attack then I will. I will be assigning you two missions to be conducted in the utmost of secrecy; to be discovered means certain death from either side. Anubis: you will be my right hand, my saber and my tool. Zasati: You will be my left.”

Vodo lightly traced the hoop adorning the bottom of his Saber’s hilt where it hung at his belt with his right hand’s thumb. The Taldrya loved his weapon, he took very good care of his saber and proudly displayed it. It was elegant and deadly, finely honed and well used. Both pairs of eyes fell there and he could tell they understood. Anubis would carry his favor; Zasati… Well time would tell.